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NO. 4,850.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

EASY JUSTICE FOR MISS FLAGLER.

Sentenced to Three Hours in Jail and \$500 Fine for Killing a Boy.

The General's Daughter Served Her Term in Prison with Great Fortitude.

Folite Proceedings Held Early to Avoid Publicity and the Prisoner Pleaded Guilty.

THE FINE PAID BY HER FATHER.

Crime for Which She Was Punished Was the Shooting of a Boy Whom She Thought Was Stealing Fruit on Her Grounds.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Miss Elizabeth M. Flagler, daughter of General Daniel W. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, spent three hours in jail this morning and paid a fine of \$500 as the penalty for the killing of Ernest Green, a son of Richard Green, Secretary Carlisle's private messenger, on August 2 last.

Miss Flagler was carried to the United States Jail in a carriage. She arrived there about 10:15, and remained there until 12:30, chatting with a friend who had accompanied her, when she was formally set at liberty by the warden of the prison.

Without a moment's warning from the court officials Miss Flagler was arraigned, pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter, was sentenced, and was on her way to the jail in less than ten minutes from the time of the arraignment. It is usual to arraign persons indicted within a few days after the indictment, but in the Flagler case this formality was deferred from day to day, and no one could learn on what day she would be tried. Hardly a day has passed since the shooting that some one has not inquired at the City Hall when she would be placed on trial, but the answer has invariably been that it was not known. The United States courts do not open in the District until 10 o'clock, but the trial of a daughter of a General in the United States Army was begun and finished at 9:40.

Miss Flagler's family and counsel have been in hopes that they would surprise the public that no curious crowd would be present, and in this they were successful, only a few court loungers, newspaper men and the representatives of the District Attorney's office being present.

ARRAIGNED IN COURT.

Promptly at 9:30 this morning District Attorney Birney and an assistant entered the dingy old courtroom, the same in which the famous Galt and Breckinridge cases had been heard, and shortly after their arrival Judge Cox followed and took his place upon the bench. While Judge Cox was arranging some books on his desk, Miss Flagler, the defendant, accompanied by her attorneys, Judge Jere Wilson and R. Ross Ferry, and by Mrs. Winthrop, an intimate friend of Miss Flagler's family, entered. Immediately behind her loomed up the massive figure of General Flagler, the father of the accused.

Miss Flagler was dressed as though for a morning drive, in a rich, dark gown, with a loose cloak or mantle. She wore a large hat, trimmed with black jet. Jewels flashed here and there from her person. The prisoner is a large, distinguished-looking woman. Her face was not hidden by a veil, and while she appeared disturbed at some of the remarks of the Judge or her counsel, her face was calm and resolute.

Her companion, Mrs. Winthrop, was dressed in a conventional manner. Her gray hair, nearly white, and kindly features, gave a softening touch to the group. Judge Cox replied in the affirmative to Mr. Birney's remarks as to the formal calling of court. Judge Wilson at once arose and said: "Your Honor, I wish to call your attention to indictment No. 20,423, the United States against Elizabeth M. Flagler. In view of the circumstances surrounding this case and matters which I think Your Honor will appreciate, the defendant has concluded to enter a plea of involuntary manslaughter. I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to say that this is one of those unfortunate occurrences which we have all met with at intervals in life, and the case is one that does not call for any but the lightest penalty that is in the power of the court to inflict. I do not desire to make any further statement than to ask for the minimum sentence."

"Mr. Birney," said Judge Cox, "Do you for the Government accept this plea?"

SENTENCED TO PRISON.

"I am willing to accept it."
"Shall I pass sentence now?" asked the Judge, addressing the attorneys on both sides.

With a murmur of assent, Mr. Perry arose, and Miss Flagler with him. Judge Wilson's voice had betrayed considerable emotion as he spoke, and Mr. Perry's subdued manner indicated his appreciation of the situation. Miss Flagler's face showed excitement, but there were no signs of tears as she looked at the Judge while he passed sentence.

Judge Cox said, without the usual legal form and phrase:
"I sentence you to pay a fine of \$500 and to be imprisoned in the county jail for three hours."

Miss Flagler's face flushed slightly as she heard her sentence, and then she calmly seated herself beside her counsel. Her father handed Clerk Downs ten \$50 bills, and after the clerk had recorded the

plea and sentence and marked fine paid, the party stopped across the corridor to the private room of Marshal Wilson. There was a delay of ten minutes here, while Miss Flagler recovered from the intense excitement and restraint occasioned by the scene in the court room. Then, accompanied by her friends, including Judge Wilson, who had rejoined them after a short conference with Mr. Birney, Miss Flagler passed out by a private door of the Marshal's office into the corridor, and down the north steps of the court house to the sidewalk. In front there stood two carriages, facing each other, almost in the shadow of the Lincoln monument. One team was a gray and a bay, drawing General Flagler's private carriage; the other was a pair of finely matched white horses, that looked much like those often driven by Judge Wilson.

MISS FLAGLER A CONVICT.

After a few minutes talk among the party General Flagler shook hands with Judge Wilson, assisted the ladies into the carriage, when they were followed by Balliff Cook, who had come from the Marshal's office with them. General Flagler stepped into his own carriage, with Mr. Perry as a companion, and the two vehicles rolled slowly down Indiana avenue toward the jail. The carriage containing Miss Flagler made a quick passage to the prison. As the carriage stopped at the door, the deputy marshal assisted the ladies to alight. The party proceeded up the steps, the huge iron door swung open and closed again, and Miss Elizabeth Flagler was an inmate of the city jail. The daughter of a brigadier general of the United States Army, was serving a sentence. In the jail office, Warden Leonard received the ladies and invited them to be seated, while he glanced over the papers handed him by the deputy marshal.

The first document read as follows:
United States vs. Elizabeth M. Flagler.

The defendant, having been found guilty of involuntary manslaughter, has been sentenced to be imprisoned in the common jail of the District of Columbia for the period of three hours, from 9:30 o'clock a. m., and to pay a fine of \$500; in default of payment of said fine and costs to stand committed further until paid.

J. R. YOUNG, Clerk.
N. C. DOWNS, Assistant Clerk.
ALBERT A. WILSON, Marshal.

In the lower left-hand corner was written the following: "Fine paid February 25, 1896."

The contents of the second paper were brief, reading:

J. R. Leonard, Warden United States Jail.

Receive into your custody the following named prisoner for safe keeping, viz: Elizabeth M. Flagler.

ALBERT A. WILSON, Marshal.

During the reading of the papers, and while the other necessary preliminaries were being fulfilled, Miss Flagler remained silent. She was perfectly calm, and a smile played about her lips as she was being escorted upstairs to the woman's department by Mrs. Bennett, the matron, Mrs. Winthrop accompanied her. The fact of the fair prisoner's presence soon spread among the jail officials and her story was generally discussed. It was the consensus of opinion that the sentence was a light one.

The time evidently passed quickly to Miss Flagler. At 12 o'clock a lunch, consisting of tea and toast, was prepared in the jail kitchen and served to the prisoner. General Flagler arrived at the jail about 12 o'clock and was permitted to go upstairs where his daughter was confined. He remained until the term of imprisonment expired.

HER TERM HAD EXPIRED.

As the hands of the big clock in the rotunda pointed to 12:30, Warden Leonard pressed a button, a bell rang upstairs, and the matron appeared at the head of the steps. The Warden mounted the stairs and

informed her that the requisite three hours had been served and that Miss Flagler was at liberty to depart. Then Miss Flagler enjoyed the hospitality of Warden Leonard for about ten minutes. Her father's carriage, in which she was to ride home, had not arrived and the party remained upstairs. They became tired of waiting, however, and a vehicle that happened to be at the jail was pressed into service. Miss Flagler was the first to appear at the head of the steps, and she tripped down the stairs with a smile.

The prisoners in the cages on either side of the rotunda appeared to possess a great deal of interest for Miss Flagler, and she looked at them with evident curiosity. Mrs. Bennett accompanied the party into the main office of the jail. Miss Flagler shook her cordially by the hand and thanked her as she bade her good-by. Mrs. Winthrop and General Flagler also bade Mrs. Bennett good-by. The door of the jail was opened by the Deputy Warden. Warden Leonard gallantly escorted the ladies to their carriage and assisted them in. General Flagler followed, and once more handshaking was indulged in, Miss Flagler, her father and aunt, all thanking the Warden for his kindness. The borrowed carriage rolled rapidly away. At the corner of Eighth street and Pennsylvania avenue Southeast the party alighted and boarded an avenue car.

STORY OF HER CRIME.

The offense for which Miss Flagler served her term was the killing of Ernest Green, a small colored boy, on the morning of the second of last August. The little fellow, accompanied by a number of his friends, started out to play ball in the suburbs. On the way they stopped near the residence of General Flagler, on California avenue. There were fine fruit trees on the place, and boys had been in the habit of robbing them. Noticing the crowd of boys, Miss Flagler imagined that they were about to rob the trees, and, to frighten them off, she explained afterward, she secured a small revolver and fired, as she has always contended she fired twice, in the air. She is said to have fired twice, and the boy, who was said to have been on the fence, fell to the ground, shot through the body. The moment she discovered that the boy had been wounded, Miss Flagler had him brought into the house, but he died before a physician could be secured. The young woman at once drove to Police Headquarters, where she surrendered herself to Major Moore.

An inquest was held that evening, the jury declaring: "While we do not believe (Miss Flagler) did it with murderous intent, yet we believe the shots were fired carelessly and indifferently, and upon the evidence we cannot hold her." Miss Flagler was thereupon discharged from arrest, but five days later she was required to give bail in the sum of \$10,000 to answer any indictment which might be returned against her. On October 31 last an indictment was returned against her, charging her with manslaughter, the penalty for which offense is imprisonment for not more than ten years and a fine not exceeding \$1,000.

It is understood that the entering of a plea of guilty by Miss Flagler was the result of an intimation given by District Attorney Birney to her counsel that if the case was tried a conviction would, in his opinion, surely follow. In that opinion the young woman's counsel are said to have at length concurred. So, it is believed, rather than stand the ordeal of a public trial, with the more than probable conviction and perhaps a severe sentence in that event, her counsel advised her to plead guilty and throw herself upon the mercy of the Court. It is pointed out by those who believe that Miss Flagler was made acquainted beforehand with the precise sentence she would receive that her father handed to the clerk of the court the exact amount of the fine imposed.

BOURKE COCKRAN TO BECOME A MONK?

Report That the Ex-Congressman Will Enter a Jesuit Seminary.

Studied for the Priesthood in France Before Coming to America.

His Brilliant Career as Lawyer, Orator and Democratic Politician.

ONCE A GREAT POWER IN TAMMANY.

Retired from Politics After a Controversy with Richard Croker—His Wife Died While Travelling in Europe a Year Ago.

W. Bourke Cockran's friends are discussing a rumor that he intends leaving his busy secular life and devoting his energies to the Catholic Church. It is said that the loss of his wife at the hour of his political triumph has so saddened him that he contemplates applying to a Jesuit seminary for admission as a monastic novice.

This report has been given color by the fact that after the death of his wife, eighteen months ago, he had his gold and silver plate melted and cast into sacred vessels, which he presented as a memorial to St. Francis Xavier's Church, this city. The orator, statesman and lawyer does not deny the report. Neither does he affirm it.

He seemed surprised yesterday when approached on the subject.
"I cannot imagine how such a report has gained circulation," said he.
"Is it true," he was asked, "that you contemplate preparing to enter a Jesuit seminary as a novice?"
"Concerning that I have nothing to say," he replied, after a pause.

"Do you say that the report is absolutely without foundation?"
"No," he answered; "but I positively refuse to discuss this matter."

HIS HEALTH IS POOR.

Since the ex-congressman's return from abroad his political friends have seen little of him. He has been a stranger in places which he formerly frequented, and this has given rise to much speculation. At the same time it is known that he is not in the best of health. He is a severe sufferer from insomnia, and the strain upon his nervous system is evident. His eyes have lost nearly all of its old-time fire and his strong, forceful face has a curiously fatigued expression. That he needs rest and quiet is agreed by sympathetic friends who have seen him recently.

The Rev. William Jackson, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, in East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, is a brother of Mr. Cockran's first wife. "If he should enter the priesthood," said Father Jackson yesterday, "I would be very much surprised. I have heard several of Mr. Cockran's friends in the world say that he contemplated going into the priesthood, but he has never spoken to me about it. I saw him on Wednesday last and then he gave me no intimation that that was his intention."

"I know that he has several friends among the Jesuits. What his intentions are concerning the priesthood, I cannot say. He has never consulted me nor broached the matter to me."

FAMOUS AS AN ORATOR.

William Bourke Cockran is best known as an orator. His eloquence made him for several years one of the most conspicuous figures in Tammany Hall, and he needed only the opportunity afforded him in the Democratic National Convention of 1892, when he nominated Senator Hill for the presidency to make his reputation as an orator spread from one end of the country to the other. This speech was the inspiration of the moment.

The convention had been in session nearly all night, and it was at 3 o'clock in the morning after Mr. Cleveland had been nominated and when the delegates were fatigued out and half asleep—that Mr. Cockran took the platform to nominate Mr. Hill. He won the convention to the widest enthusiasm in a speech which some of his hearers described as the greatest that was ever made at a national convention. It was in his opening remarks that he spoke of Mr. Cleveland as "a popular man—a popular man every day in the year—except election day."

Mr. Cockran's next great triumph as an orator was during the tariff debate in Congress in January, 1894, when he vanquished Thomas B. Reed, of Maine. When Mr. Reed threw down the gauntlet to the New Yorker near the close of the discussion the Republicans expected that Mr. Cockran would find himself overmatched. They were disappointed, for Mr. Cockran attacked Mr. Reed's arguments so effectively that the Democrats cheered and shouted in delight.

STUDIED FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

Bourke Cockran—few designate him in any other way—was born in the County Sligo, Ireland, Feb. 28, 1834. His parents intended him for the church, and with this end in view he was carefully educated in schools of his native country, and in his early youth was sent to a Catholic college in France. At the age of seventeen he decided that he was not suited for the Church. With scarcely enough money to pay for a week's board after purchasing his passage, he sailed for this country. He taught school in this city and Mount Vernon for a number of years, during which time he studied law.

In 1870 Mr. Cockran was admitted to the Bar, and after practicing two years in Mount Vernon, moved to this city and opened an office at No. 178 Broadway. When his rise in the profession began some months later, it was rapid. It was not long before he began to take an active interest in political affairs. He was taken up by the leaders of the Irving Hall Democracy, and first attracted attention as the spokesman of



Bourke Cockran, Who, It Is Said, Will Become a Novitiate in a Jesuit College Preparatory to Taking Holy Orders.

that organization in the State Convention at Albany in 1881.

JOHN KELLY HIS FRIEND.

John Kelly had his eye on young Cockran, and in 1883 induced him to enter Tammany Hall. Mr. Cockran was made a delegate to the National Convention in 1884 and joined John Kelly and the other braves of the Wigwam in opposing the nomination of Cleveland.

His experience in that convention first showed the aggressive side of his nature. With the exception of John Kelly, one Tammany man after another had been hissed or howled down. Cockran finally arose and began to speak. The crowd howled and hissed at him, but he continued to talk, until gradually the confusion died away. Then the voice of the speaker came out, growing more and more distinct, until it could be heard in all parts of the big hall. There was no more interruption, and when Cockran sat down a hearty round of applause told of the victory he had won.

Cockran was elected to Congress in the Fall of 1891 from the Twelfth District by 5,500 majority. In 1893 he was again sent to Congress.

In the Fall of 1893 a controversy arose between Mr. Cockran and Richard Croker which led to Mr. Cockran's final withdrawal from Tammany Hall about a year ago. The circumstances which led to the coolness between Mr. Cockran and Mr. Croker have never been fully explained to the public. About a year ago the altercation broke out anew, because of some remarks Mr. Croker made about Mr. Cockran, and for a while there was talk of a personal encounter between the two. The talk soon died out, and the affair was entirely forgotten when a few weeks later Mr. Cockran sailed for Europe.

Mr. Cockran was twice married, but has no children. His first wife was Miss Anna Jackson, sister of Father William Jackson, of St. Paul's Church. She bore him one child, but both mother and child died a few days after the birth. His second wife, whom he married twelve years ago, was Miss Rhoda Mack, daughter of John Mack, a retired merchant. She died in Europe eighteen months ago, where Mr. Cockran had taken her for her health.

HAVANA PAPERS BITTER.

Another of Them Makes a Mighty Effort to Attack Cleveland and the Senate.

By Murat Halstead.

Havana, Feb. 25.—The Havana papers continue to attack the United States Senate for occupying itself with the question of according belligerent rights to the Cubans now in arms. La Discusion, one of the leading dailies, takes a prominent part in this agitation. It declares to-day that the conduct of the United States toward Spain since the war began has been correct on the face, but not immaculate.

"In the first period of the war," the paper goes on to say, "when the benevolent policy of the Washington Government could have been of more use to the rebels, Uncle Sam availed himself of the situation to collect the famous Mora claim. Afterward the laws of neutrality were observed, but some equivocal things tending to encourage the revolutionists occurred."

"In President Cleveland's message there is not an offensive word toward Spain nor denial of her rights, but the fact is that the President treated of this island in his message, which has not been limited by any other government, and that the message lends itself to the interpretation of the friends of the revolution, and it seems as if they were promised that the United States would take some action in their behalf. In this sense some responsibility may attach to President Cleveland for the excited speeches of Senators Morgan, Cameron and Lodge."

"The Government of the United States will not give soldiers nor money to the revolutionists, nor, in all probability, recognize them as belligerents, neither is it likely to put forth men or means to help Spain pacify the island. They, why doesn't it disavow this policy? Why its double game—serving Spain by acts and the rebels by words? This could be explained if it had offered intervention to terminate the war; intervention which would hardly have been accepted by Spain, but in this initiative would have been the determination to avoid spilling blood and to avert economical disaster."

"All civilized nations would have applauded these noble desires. What the United States is doing instead is unworthy of a great country and reveals not only decadence of its Senate, but general decadence of its statesmen and the political parties of Jeffersonian country. The highest question of international politics has been lowered to the category of shameful election wire-pulling. The Capitol is nothing more than a great Tammany Hall. Great orators and influential men no longer give tone to politics."

"We are forced to lament it, not only for the indication of serious infirmity, both mental and moral, in that great free country, but for the injury done to Cuba."

When in want of a good lining buy Salva-Oil, which costs only 25 cents. 6c

MICHELSON UNDER ARREST IN CUBA.

Murat Halstead's Associate Seized and Placed in Morro Castle.

He Is Said to Have Crossed the Spanish Line Without Permission.

TAKEN AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

His Interpreter Was Also Carried Off to Prison, After Both Were Searched and Their Room Examined—Not Allowed to See Any One.

By Murat Halstead.

Havana, Feb. 25.—Charles Michelson, my colleague, and his interpreter, Lorenzo Betancourt, were arrested at 2 o'clock this morning and searched. Their room was also examined, and at 6 o'clock they were taken to Morro Castle, where they now are and cannot be seen until their statement is taken and it has been considered by the authorities.

As soon as I learned of the arrest I hastened to their aid, but met an impenetrable wall of prison officials and army and police officers, and was prevented from communicating with Mr. Michelson. I made a declaration to Mr. Ramon Williams, the United States Consul-General, and it was immediately placed in the hands of the Chief of Police.

The Consul-General and myself will see the Captain General as soon as possible. No effort will be spared in behalf of Mr. Michelson.

The arrest grows out of an attempt made yesterday to visit the scene of a combat beyond Marianno and being refused permission to cross the Spanish lines, I am told, they ventured through. It was assumed that Michelson and his interpreter had violated orders, but until his story is learned or the facts are given out officially, it is impossible to tell what grounds, if any, the officials had for their arrest.

Michelson's kodak possibly had something to do with the arrest. No pains will be spared to secure their speedy release.

I filed a message last night stating without color the particulars of the bloody fight near Marianno, where I was that day. It was to investigate this extraordinary story that Michelson, with Betancourt, and carrying a kodak, got as far as Marianno and desired to proceed, but were refused.

Michelson and Betancourt were arrested by four policemen and two officers, the former in his room in the Hotel Inglaterra, and his papers were examined and in part taken. Michelson's papers probably revealed that he was a hard-working correspondent and nothing more. I was with him until 12 o'clock, and knew that he did not pass the lines as charged, and returned to Havana at 4 o'clock.

Several persons about the hotel were aroused by the activity of the police, but I did not hear of the arrest until this morning.

Several rumors have been started, and one that seems improbable was given out officially, namely, that Michelson assaulted one of the civil guards. Another equally impossible reason alleged is that Michelson caused the rebel cavalry to parade before him and photographed them.

Captain-General Weyler left the palace after breakfast to take a ride and make calls, and it has not been possible to see him up to this hour, but I have an appointment with Consul-General Williams to repeat the call at the palace as soon as he

REPUBLICANS AT DAGGER'S POINT.

Serious Split in the "G. O. P." Foreshadowed by a Vote on the Tariff.

Plain and Bitter Talk in the Senate Develops a Critical Situation.

St. Louis Convention Will Be Torn Apart by Defection of Silver Republicans.

TARIFF DEAD AS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Morrill's Motion to Take Up the Measure Defeated by a Vote of 22 to 33 Amid Wild Excitement on the Senate Floor.

By Julius Chambers.

Washington, Feb. 23.—Republi can influence in the United States Senate has come to an end for the present, and a serious split in the Grand Old Party at St. Louis is definitely foreshadowed. Already the contest in the two national conventions to be waged by the silver interests is clearly indicated, and although fully two-thirds of the people of the country are in favor of the gold standard, the free silver advocates to-day rally to their support five Republicans who will represent an element of discord at St. Louis sufficient to work serious havoc in the convention. Trivial in itself, the unexpected call of Senator Morrill for a vote on the tariff bill developed the most sensational and interesting political situation of the present session. The defeat of Senator Morrill's motion was expected, but the increase in the majority against a tariff measure over the opposition to the previous attempt to take up the same question was a surprise.

The significance of the defeat of an attempt to call up a tariff bill in the United States Senate by a vote of 22 to 33 was promptly understood by every politician in the two houses of Congress. A debate developed spontaneously on the floor of the Senate that for acrimony had had years. This will be dealt with in first should be considered the significance of this vote and of the discussion that followed with reference to the coming Presidential Campaign.

It may be said with reasonable accuracy that the electoral votes of Colorado, Nevada, Idaho and Montana will be against the St. Louis nominee, who he may be. These States only represent.

It is true, a total of sixteen votes in the Electoral College, but there is a serious possibility that California, with its nine votes; Washington, Oregon and South Dakota, with four votes each, and Wyoming and North Dakota, with three votes each, or a total of twenty-seven, may join the ranks of the apostate Republicans. This would give the silver and Populist element in the West and Northwest an aggregate of forty-three votes, out of the 46, leaving doubtful several of the Southern States in which a Populist element is more or less dominant. This all goes to show that a nomination at St. Louis will not necessarily preclude an election, and that the elements that Senator Morrill tried to read out of the Republican party to-day may leave the convention hall in St. Louis to meet on some common ground with the free silver Democrats and the Populists in convention, at a later date than the Chicago assembly. If such body meet it may nominate Senator Cameron or Teller for the Presidency. In that event the predicted Populist convention, pure and simple, will be very assemble.

SHERMAN'S FIERY ELOQUENCE.

Senator Sherman was seen at his best to-day. He almost re incarnated himself and nothing like his fiery eloquence, his plain incisive language, and his cold-blooded sarcasm has been heard on the Senate floor in many months. When he exclaimed: "The Senate no longer represents the people," he fully confirmed and agreed with all the various opinions voiced by can men of all political parties during the last three months.

Tillman has said this; Stewart has expressed the same opinion; Smith, of New Jersey, has told the Senate it ought to adjourn as a useless body; Platt has said that it's conduct is a disgrace to the country; Chandler has sneered at the Senate's influence; even Harris and Call have defied it, and the Populists treat the Senate with contempt and derision.

In a tone that was pathetic and convincing, Senator Sherman added: "We represent States, just as members of the House devote themselves only to the interests of the people of their districts. The national feeling has departed from us."

An interesting feature of the session was the anxiety of Mitchell, of Oregon, to get himself on record. He pines, under the popular situation that now exists, to the dictatorship of the Senate.

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